Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 33

Untitled

Part: 1

Number 1

Number 1

Number 1

That '*is*' I- STEVEN YOUR NUMBER 1- NOW!

-AND-

I LOVE YOU!

Anna- this is my '*UNTITLED*' story- she typed the line in her bed with the laptop. That is died, to the outside world. Of how I love my family, friends, and boyfriend, and how I may die, at the hand of a man that is my -lover.

Steven- Fuck'n sh*t-

What? She screamed, in lost confusion.

He then said…

'You should be SH*T-ING YOUR SELF TO HOW GOOD I AM.'

Her face went slack again IN THE THOUGHTS, SHE BLINKED AND SAID THE SAME LINE BACK, and she looked sullenly at the wall. That is a good opener- no- that what she said… ha. He thought she was going to blank out again, but instead, she fetched a sigh and lifted her light body of like 99 lbs. from the bed. ‘You don’t have any need to use such words in the Nevaeh books, because they didn’t use such words at all back then.

They were not even invented, I suppose, but that was a better time

than with the first parts. You might as well stick to your Nevaeh stories, Anna. I say that honestly. As your number one fan.’ I would like to let you know and see that… I see it- you twisted tit-smacking pussy licker! She said- suck on that- okay you well… here my bar of soap that I use on the dicks of the horses uses it! Suck on that! She went to the door out to the hall lock it as she looked back at her. She tried to smile some and love the thought that she could make it as the writer. -yet was it worth the lack of freedom?

‘I’d rather not have you livid- or heating on me- you need to love me- for real… I sort of depending on you; you know.’ ‘I’ll I put that manuscript back by all your movies, this is my copy, it not finished, Nevaeh’s you need to do some over- for me- to love you more than I do- think of what we do as your writing lines write as you would act. I may go back to the other one later when I’m done.’ ‘Don’t do that if it makes you mad,’ he said- but I want to feel you as I read the pages inside and out.

She did not return his smile-

‘Yes,’ she said. ‘You do. You do, don’t you, Anna?’

He left… going for a drive… to clear his mind- or to get things for the livestock… the wolf was left in my room teeth showing and the drip- dripping with spit at my bare body chained down to the bed like he was just on a long enough chain to like my toes… I could feel the breath of her wet nose… ticking me- and I could not back down of she would have bitten down hard!

She began to wait for the clock to chime outside the door along with the coo-coo one overhead reminds her that just like that she was looking and sound crazy also. Two chimes. The chimes over and over and for days he was off to do another kill on some little girl and to drag her back to his hole in the basement or to light her up in front of me like before.

He lay propped up on the pillows, watching the door. She came in. he was wearing an apron over his naked body as I watch him chop this

little bond girl up into a ham-salad for the wolf… with a hatchet, he kept her six-year-old skirts, and underwear as a keepsake- and the bones that were not licked up by the wolf named after the girl in the story was ground up in a woodchipper- and her head was crash in the wood splitter- the manway she died. On one hand, she floor-bucket of her young little sweet- red blood- saying drink it- it shows love.

‘I presume you want’ your tent-sucking-bull-sucking- medication,’ he said flighty. That was him though-

calm and nice to oh my god- run! If you can… ‘Yes, please.’ He tried to smile at her ingratiatingly and felt that shame again- she felt grotesque to himself, a stranger. ‘I have it,’ she said, ‘but first I have to clean up the mess in the comer- you see what you made me do- with fling your sh*t out of the bed pain- if you could walk you would like that up to clean it. The mess you made.

You’ll have to wait until I do that.’ Baby Dick Baby Dick Baby DICK! THAT IS, YOU! DICK OF A BABY!

She lay in the bed with his legs spared eking in the head- reading what she has said- making shapes like broken branches under the misspelled text that he cannot say for… and cold sweat running her nose- wearing shabby clothing her face is down now smashed in the dirty pillow looking out now she sees him make a dive over the creek outside, as she lay and watched as she crossed her eyes over the room of how to get out- now back after letting all the pop in pee in the corner he and set the bucket down and throw Anna at the wall- whole body to picked

up the pieces of the sh*t bowl and took them out and came back and knelt by the bucket and fished in it and brought out a soapy rag and wrung it out, and began to wash the dried soup from the wall.

Done- she said after sitting there for hours- okay back to bed the fucked man said- she lays and watching yet again with him fiddling with her body- and at last she started to shiver hard, and the shivering made the pain worse, but he could not help it. Once he turned around and saw her shivering

and soaking the bedclothes in sweat, he knew that he was taking it to far- and the sweetness was starting to come out with him… so unlike what was shown before… and he favored her with such a cunning and knowing frown, that he could easily have killed her.

‘It’s dried on,’ she said, turning her face back into the corner. She gobbled them into his mouth, and when he looked up, he saw her lifting the creamy plastic floor-bucket toward her- lick never.

It filled his field of vision like a falling moon over the water that was little ingrown in relation.

Gloomy-sh muddy water slopped over the circumference onto the quilt.

Nonetheless, instead of leaving, she walked over to the bed and fished in her apron pocket. She brought out not two capsules but three. ‘Now,’ he alleged sympathetically. she gawked at her, and his face was all eyes. ‘Shampoo them down with this,’ she said.

Her voice was still tender.

‘Do it fucker do it,’ she said. ‘I know you can dry- gulp them but thrilled to believe me- when I say I can make them come right back up o’er.

It is only rinse-water. It won’t hurt you.’ he tended over him like a monolith, the bucket slightly tipped. He could see the rag twisting slowly in its dark nadirs like a drowned thing; he could see a thin scrum of soap on top.

Part of her groaned but none of him hesitated.

She drank quickly, washing the pills down ever so hard like, and the taste in her mouth was yuck and was as it had been on the existences when his mother made him brush his teeth with soap. Her tummy hooked, and he made a thick sound. ‘I love you,’ she said and kissed him on the cheek. She left, not looking back, carrying the floor bucket. ‘I wouldn’t throw them up, Anna. No more until seven-thirty tonight.’ he observed at her for a moment with a flat empty gaze, and then her face lit up and she beamed.

‘You won’t make me mad again, will you?’ ‘Nope,’ she whispered. Irritation- was there- as the moon outside was all the hope she had left in this world. What a bad idea! He lay back, tasting grit and plaster in his mouth and throat. Tasting soap as she was sucking it, I will not throw up ... will not throw up ... will not throw up. You do and you will eat it and if you throw it up for that you will eat that too.

Her fantasized along with dreamed she was being eaten by him

over the nights she was at rest not an at pace though. It was not a noble dream. There was a bang and he thought, Naturally, good, all right!

Discharge it! Shoot the damn thing!

Then she was awake seeing a gun at her temple for real, knowing it was only Steven, pulling the back door shut. And then she out as he injects the fuck sleep add to do just that… She had gone out to do the chores. she heard the faint decisive moment of his footsteps in the snow outside now. I

love he said- and she just gives him the pink and stinks sing with her left hand- oh such a fouler… he went past the window- with the plow- I need if I could run, I would be chased down with its v- ing at my hills wearing a parka with the hood up.

Her breath plumed out, then broke apart on her loving face. the way a sturdy compatriot might carry a milk pail, slightly away from her body with no thought at all, so that none would spill. At last, the insistence of this thought began to disappear, as well as

he realized he was going to slumber. she had held everything down long enough for the medication to begin its work.

He had won. This time… she was going to do it… he did not look in at her, intent on her chores in the barn, he supposed. Nourishing the animals more than I, and I see this I get the same mile I sewer to olefin god I do it is the same pig slop, cleaning the stalls, casting a few runes- he would not put it past her. had to think about this bizarre situation while he was still capable of

something like the worst thing, she was discovered, was that him- that did not want to think of it even while he could, even when she knew he could not bring the situation to an end without thinking about it.

Her mind kept trying to push it away, like a child pushing away his meal even though he has been told he cannot leave the table until he has eaten it.

Yet, miserable, or not and he was… she still wanted to live and love yet not either with is a creeper. Think

about it, dammit! Jesus, are you already so cowed you cannot even try? Nopper- but that cowed. Look now he said- staring out the window- The sky was darkening elaborate- sunset. Five-four, seven o’clock lost in it she did not even know.

She could have gone back to sleep looking at all the stars and wishing on one for the hope of freedom, wanted to go back to sleep, but she balanced thought. she did not want to think about it because, just living it was hard enough to bar with. she did not

want to reason with it or about it because, on every occasion, she did ill-disposed descriptions facilitated, the way she went outright, the way she made him think of idols and stones, and now the way the green metal floor-bucket had sped toward his face like a colliding moon. Thinking of those things would not change his situation, was, in fact, worse than not thinking at all, but once he turned his mind to Steven and his position here in her house, the thoughts that came, thronging out all others.

Her heart would start to beat too fast and then drop off to a stall, mostly in horror, of what evil creepy thing was next there he was creeping- creeping- creeping in her room thinking of something to do to her body and mind… it was just a matter of creeper time. but then again partially in humiliation, too. she saw herself putting his lips to the rim of the bucket, saw the bleach- water with its film of soap aid the rag fluctuating in it, proverbing these things and yet in a swallowed anyway, never hesitant a bit of it.

I will make you drink this- if you do not shout the fucking hole in your face!! she would never tell anyone about that, presumptuous she ever got out of this, and she imaginary she might try to propaganda about it to herself, but she would never be able to do that. Then an odd, angry thought occurred to him: She does not like the new book because he is too senseless to apprehend what it is up to.

Per capita time he had taken a year or two off to put pen to paper one of the other novels, what thought of as

her ‘grim’ work with what was at first certainty and then hope and finally a species of grim anxiety- she had acknowledged a flood of protesting letters from these women, many of whom signed themselves ‘your number-one fan.’

Surely… Plus while she might be crazy, was she so-0 different in her appraisal of her work from the thousands & thousands of other individuals transversely the kingdom- 100% of the females who could scarcely wait for each new 2,000 page’s chapter

in the tempestuous life of the foundling who has risen to say, ‘I do’ a peer of the monarchy? Nope, not at all.

They wanted Nevaeh, Nevaeh, and Nevaeh. she could author an outdated story of would not matter to teen just old creeps like him that want at trill or feel loved.

Thoughtful about the things he had said was at least a new avenue and feeling angry at her was improved than feeling scared of her, and so he went down it with some eagerness.

They would still want Nevaeh, Nevaeh, Nevaeh. It is hard to follow ... she is not interesting ... and the vulgarity is to freak'n much it this do it over or you will eat the stapler! How did that feel going down on your earlobe...? ...?... He asked... Then he specked it on her forehead asking the same question- with a sinker... doing it. The thought was not just odd; under the circumstances, how she felt about Untitled was immaterial. The tone of these letters varied from puzzlement (that continually hurt the most, one way or another,) to admonishment, to

outright anger, but the memo was always equal: It was not what I expected, it was not what I wanted. Please go back to Nevaeh.

I want to know what Nevaeh is doing. Too senseless…? No? Too set… Not just averse to change, but hostile to the very idea of change. he recollected her coming in here, withholding the capsules, coercing permission to read the manuscript of Untitled. she felt flushed and shamed with humiliation and warming his face… now they were mixed with real fury. It had come into

bud from a spark into a minuscule recessed blaze.

The anger sparked again. Anger at her obdurate density, anger that she could kidnap her, keep her captive, and the strength of her choice between drinking dirty rinse water from a floor-bucket or suffering the pain of his shattered legs- and ripped open girlie hole, and then, on top of all that, find the nerve to disapprove the best thing he had ever written.

Suddenly, she felt better again, felt even though he knew this uprising

was petty, pitiful, and meaningless... she had never shown anyone a manuscript before, & she had proofread it and then retyped the thing.

Never- ever not even the dead girl did that- Never. Why, he did not even- for a moment, her thoughts overdrawn off cleanly. she could hear the dim sound of a cow mooing and the wolf howling… laying in her bed… they made friends if you well. I going to get you out of here, so she said. Why? Why- she did not even make a copy until the second draft was done.

4 years of challenging work now she has worked nonstop, she did not like it, and she was cracked. Hitherto he had to see it… The manuscript copies of Untitled which was now in Steven ownership was, in fact, the only existing copy in the entire world. He had even burned his notes.

Nevaeh was what she liked; in the story yet the face was the one losing it like the girl in the storybooks did… funny no? Absolutely- The work, the pride in your work, the worth of the work itself… all those things faded

away to the magic- hurricane lantern shades they were when the pain got bad enough.

She remembered thinking: Turn the pages all by hand up and down the screen, of this 1,000 pages' book/manuscript into paper hats if you want, just ...delight... The annoyance, humiliation, and heat gushed again, developing the first dull re-joining throb in her legs and hips. She was an idol, and if she did not kill her, she might kill what was in him.

That she would do that to him- that she could when he had spent most of his adult life thinking the word writer was the most imperative description of himself, made her seem disgraceful, something she must seepage.

Now she heard the eager yell of the wolf- he had thought she would not mind, but he thought Nevaeh was a wonderful name for a wolf dog. He remembered how she had imitated it, the way her upper lip had creased toward her nose, how her cheeks had

seemed to smooth, how she had truly- looked like a wolf for a moment:

How!!!

From the barn- I see him standing, I hear the sound through the glass of the window- the voice strong. Making the sound of the wolf- imitating it. she lies on her backside now, and puts her arm over his eyes, and tried to hold onto the anger, for the reason, that the anger made her feel fearless. A brave lady might meditate. A coward could not. Here was a man who had been a doctor & he was sure of that

also. Even so, the thought was hell- no, because he did not go work- much other than being a baby killer- or so I saw on his pc, which I hacked into looking around the house when I would get out without him knowing.

Why did she no longer practice her trade? That seemed obvious. Cutting babies heads off sick and having a sexual thing with them to twisted fuck! Not at all her gear was stowed right; heaps of it were rolling around in the holds. If it were understandable to her even through the

fog of pain she has been existing in, it would surely have been obvious to her age group. She missed being a younger teen, and the kids she knew- and acting… and life outside 4 walls.

The police and ambulance were called to the scene as you know yet there was no Anna to be found- she was going or so they thought it was talked on the tv, that she was dead- or that someone would report her to a hospital, or something along that line.

She had connected no one about all this just so he could keep his

love for himself- in the guestroom, put IV drips in his arms and a sh*tload of dope in her body to make his Mr. Happy well- happy! he had dragged her from the wreckage of her train car and instead of calling and do what he should have done… He had told no one he was here, and if she had not by now, that meant she did not mean to.

It has been 5 years now since that day- he a sideshow of all that went down. Sufficient so she had gone into what she called breathing depression at least once- and only plain depression

over all this that was becoming her life- and books all she had to do in life now where this dumb book. ‘She’s my number-one fan,’ he muttered and put an arm over his eyes like a gay fag.

Its eyes, it is the face in the night it the feeling of cold and hot. It is creeper Steven in my bed… with the throbbing in his legs began to cycle up. No. No, No-o-o-o. she pressed the felon of her elbow more tightly against her eyes. From the barn, he could hear spaced thudding noises of another dead girl, that he was making into mulch.

Unbearable the sight and smells I would get from this man- that was not human to me at all.

To tell what they were, of course, but in his imagination- I love it as I love you, he said to her lying next to her in her bed without her doing anything about it. she could see him pushing bales of hay out of the loft with the heel of his boot and yet cover over my young girl bodies that he had dragged in by the hair, could see them tumbling to the barn floor the roll like dead logs.

Chop- Chop- Chop! It is all I here for a day! The killer Steven was back- why not me? Then, cutting cleanly through this like a sharp knife, came her agitated as he was run to her bed for his playtime with her… even the dog was getting fucked over- screaming voice: I heard them all get fucked and killed in the barn-like all under 14 years of age too- you like it do not say you do not- he said to me as he slit on open with his knife in- front of my dead her head feels on my chest- I freaked- in horror. The little hand now at my lower hips the body blooding out down

my skin… I would not have thought the eyes of death looked like this.

Name- Steven

(‘So intense!’)

My name is Steven King.

He was on the stand for some of these, yet he got away with all the Killing’s there was not anything I could do- but lay in my bed. All the weeks he was off at court in other counties. I could do nothing but authoring this story!!

…And I did!!!

F*ck- YOU! MOTHER F*CKING C*CK SUCKER, I SAID!

‘Come on,’ She muttered, her arm over his eyes this was the way he thought best, the way he imagined best. He could see the courtroom in Bedford, could see Steven on the stand, not wearing jeans now but a rusty florid-black dress and an awful hat. he could see that the courtroom was crowded with spectators, that the judge, vas bald and wearing glasses. The judge had a white beard. There was a birthmark beneath the white

mustache. The white mustache covered most of it nonetheless not all.

Steven-

'I'm afraid this is going to take a while, Anna.' He rubbed, what I did not get bizarre higher the stain slowly disappeared from the plaster, but she went on dipping the cloth, wringing it out, cleaning, and then repeating the entire process. She could not see his face at this point, but the idea- the certainty… of that- she had gone absolute and might go on scrubbing the wall for hours tormented her. He read

he tells of who- ‘Can you imagine!’ That spirit of ... of fan-love ... I was all there’s… ha- you have no idea who loves me… he said on the sand mocking them… know he would be going back to her. At last- just before the clock chimed once, marking two-thirty- the days started blurring.

Then her eyes drifted to the corner, where no sign of the splashed soup remained her of... of what was lost and what was gained… cast their eternal damaged shadows. She came back and stood for just a moment inside

the doorway, observing his wet face with that same mixture of sternness and maternal love through this all. Living alone as I do is no excuse whatever for stamping the job.

My mother had a saying, Anna, and I live by it- do not f*ck up of your dead to me. Bath time- ‘Now I must rinse you,’ he said, ‘or else the soap will leave a dull spot. I must do it all; I must make the whole shebang right. It hurts he had blubbered out. It hurt her legs and it hurt her heart- yet it the pain he loves seeing the most other than the

twisted thoughts of the love she not ever going to give him. ‘All nasty, never neat,’ she used to say.’ ‘Please,’ she groaned strongly. ‘Please, the pain, I’m dying I have to be.’ ‘Nope.

You’re not dying- not all the way yet.’ ‘I’ll shriek,’ she said with power behind it, beginning to cry harder. It is nobody’s fault but your own you see this is what I have to do with you to understand me and what you do not understand- understand? ‘‘I won’t be able to walk- you can help it-

but you'll never- ever.' 'Scream,' she said.

'Remember that you made that mess- now you paid for it with your hip- humbled with the bat. Not me. she watched as she dipped, wrung, and rinsed, dipped, squeezed, and washed. One way or another she was able to keep from screaming.

She is going to go out and I will hear her pouring the rinse- water down the sink and she will not come back for hours because she has not done punishing me hitherto. At last, just as

the clock in what he assumed was the parlor began to strike three, she rose and picked up the bucket. She is going to go out now. ‘She’s always writing things down, not making things up to add to how she was going to die yet the story would live on as her memories.’ Her thoughts- he said- okay- Now I just rinse.

Also- she thought about how her legs and arm must be booked at least 10 times now by his hands over those 5 years to keep her from running, he whispered, but could get no further-

with the ditty talk with her- it was like she was almost falling for him- times before.

The bailiff asked her to state her name, and over and over again- she said- it was Steven that did this to me in the text- so someone would read- but she said about all the kids too- yet would the story get out- if she could find a way to hide the pieces of the lines in-between; she sat there with her fibrous solid gloomy body displacing air and said her name repeatedly but no more than that.

Still trying to imagine why the ex- Dr. who had taken her prisoner might have once been, put on the stand even if she did not make it the story would say it all, Anna drafted and then drifted off to sleep. Saving a copy- and stashing a copy and hiding in the pipe of the bedpost rolling.

30 relief swept through her- seeing a plan goes over heed- and some trains, so great he felt like crying. Something had happened when he was asleep, someone had come, or Steven had reconsidered or mind- saying when

I should let you go- I, not your type you need someone that loves you more then I if that is possible- you need to have your life back- I was in awe.

It did not matter… that would change his mood I was sure of that- yet that side of this man I liked… he was not all bad. He had gone to sleep in the monster- man's house and had awakened in the hospital to get the things he needs- being a Dr. there were no questions asked as for why- he was a Dr. like Mengele- an angel of death- running a test on girls like me. You can

hear all bout he works and struggles here in the untitled book- that I hope someone will see...

‘You ... you ... you dirty- C*NT!’ ‘YOU DIDN’T’- HE SAID. Crawling from room to room- when he was out- she got out- she would be more than happy to crawl to the telephone, no matter how much it might hurt. He would crawl to the telephone over broken glass if that were what it took. And it was a heart attack ... but not the right kind. She came toward him, not staggering but rolling, the way a sailor

will when he has just gotten off his ship at the end of a long voyage. Run- Run- Run she could not do that, yet she tried- Hell- she tried to psychiatrist away from her, but there was no place to go. There was only the headboard, and behind that, the wall.

'You were moaning,' she said. There was a glass water- pitcher on the table. She seized it up and brandished it at her. Coldwater splashed his face. An ice-cube landed beside his left ear and slid down the pillow into the hollow of his shoulder. 'I had a bad dream.'

‘What was it about?’ That was P*SSIE- she falls asleep… he walked out.

The door at the far end of the huge ward opened and it came to Steven- only she was dressed in a long-aproned dress, and there was a cap on her head; she was dressed as Nevaeh in Nevaeh’s Love parts, of the story.

Nevertheless, surely, they would not have put her in a long ward like this. It was a big hangar to do this right! Identical rows of men (with identical bottles of nutrients hung from identical IV trays beside their beds)

filled the place. she sat up and saw that the men themselves were also identical- they were all him. Then, distantly, he heard the clock chime and understood that it was chiming from beyond the wall of sleep. This was a dream she thought- yet did I get it down- was it a dream?

Sadness replaced the relief.

Over one arm she held the book copy to her chest- all the same, nothing changed. There was a cloth over the contents as she slid the scrip back down in it holding the place. On

the other side was all the hidden pills she did not take BUSTED Here- flung it open one night into the face of the first sleeping Anna-. Anna's face had turned a ghastly white as soon as knocking over the stand- fear jerked her out of the dream and into the bedroom brawl, where Steven was losing his mind… saying this is where my money on you goes? Yes- standing over her face as the storm crashes.

He was holding the fat hardback of Nevaeh's in one hand. How could you call yourself in the story- and

say it was me how could you! She suggested he was about three-quarters of the way through not to stop that he was not the one that did it. Yes- she came awake at once, jerking up on her elbows. (She knew better- yet did not care.)

The first thing which was not the truth that popped into her head was what he replied- what she could have said- and that was a name change in the text- yet she wants people to know if they read this story. She came in late

the following morning, her face the color of ashes.

She had been dozing, she has had a heart attack it felt like with happing over and over with no rest, she thought, and there was a moment's alarm which was directly replaced by joy. Your Just a name in a story- you can have this one… and no one will ever know. Let her have one- you killed her to let her have something to be remembered by! A big one those he said- I did not want it!

A f*cking chest-buster! He said if I get in trouble for this- and I did I find you- and I will kill you! ‘No!’ She reached the side of the bed, bumped it, wavered, and for a moment seemed on the verge of falling on top of her. Then she just stood there, him- looking down at her feeling her out- like her paperwhite face looking up, the cords on her neck standing out, one manner pulsing in the center of her forehead, and one down lower.

Her hands snapped open, hooking his t-shirt- shut into solid, then

snapped open again when she was injected with strong drugs.

WAKE THE F*CK UP! He yelled… ‘What- don’t- she said-’ suddenly he did- he pulled her out of bed by her broken legs- and the bitch lapping started over the dead girl in the story, and his entire midsection first turned hollow and then to entirely disappear as the drugs took over, and he had a free well of 4- play. she remembered hem that bookmark had been last night, three-quarters of the way through. Not to freak like this that

it would be fine at the end- She had finished it- right- that she an actor she would know what to do, and what not to do. She knew all there was to know. You can read the story for yourself- all of them- like I did- all 1,0000 words. It is good… I know you would love me for saying that ass holes. JUST F*CKING DO IT!!

‘She can’t be dead IN THE STORY FOR SHE IS HERE TOO!’ Steven shrieked at her. Her hands snapped open and hooked closer to his face than ever before in fear.’

Marcella- in Neveah- CANNOT BE DEAD!'

'Steven- Steven, please- cool it-man.' In his mind so-0 bright! she saw her bringing the pitcher down into his face, she saw herself dying of a fractured skull or OD-ing or something sick like that or too much f*cking!

And a massive cerebral outflow in a freezing flood of ice-water while goose-pimples formed on her arms. Or he was peeing on her in her dreams I will go with that one- it went into the story anyways she said. She wanted to

do it; there was no question of that- get out and read this thing to someone that would get the story of the worst horror of her life, and to make some money for of it too why not she a little cracked now too.

At the very last moment, she turned away from him- flung the water-pitcher at the door instead, where it shattered as the soup-bowl had the other day. he looked back at her, and she brushed her hair away from her face- two hard little spots of red came

up- had now bloomed the white- with the backs of her hands.

‘Dirty Girlie- wh*re!’ He panted.

‘Oh- you dirty Girlie, how could you!’ what is wrong with saying what happened that what you wanted no? she spoke swiftly, immediately, eyes flashing, engrossed on her face- she was positive in that moment, that his life might depend on what she was able to say in the next 30th seconds.
‘Steven, childbirth can have died in

stories like this- with some based on you as the killer.

U- U- You have used my name!! he said…

Nevaeh gave her life for her husband and her best friend and her child. The spirit of Nevaeh will always be there,' 'I don't want her spirit- I f*cking want- here!'

I am right here she said- confused she not real- she screamed; you are a f*cking retard! hooking her fingers into claws and running them

down his face until he guessed out blood, both shaking as if she would tear his eyes out. ‘I want her! You killed her! You murdered her!’ Her hands disintegrate shut into fists o’er and he drove them down like pistons, one on either side of his head. he screamed. kill her! - Her legs flared, and he cried out. They pressed deep into the pillow, and she rebounded like a ragdoll. ‘I didn’t kill this girl- she not real! IDIOT!!!!’ She immobilized, staring at him with that narrow black expression that looks like the crevasse.

‘Unquestionably not SO-O, ‘she said, excessively mocking. ‘Then if you did not, Anna - who did?’ ‘No one,’ she said more quietly. WHO DID- HE SAID ALL P*SSIE- ‘She just died LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS AND BECAME THE SPIRIT AS AN ANGEL ALSO?’ Ultimately, She- knew this to be the truth. If Nevaeh had been a real person, she knew he might very well have been called upon ‘to aid the police in their explorations,’ as the euphemism went. She had a motive- he had hated her FOR IT.

Ever since the third book, he had hated her. It had been called Nevaeh's Hobbies to live on. In- it Nevaeh spent a cheerful, that we loved anyways not that she was a real girl like me- is that so he said then if I kill you-you should haunt me then too just like the story? Your nuts she said to him- what is taking you so long just do it you sick vain f*cking basted. Depth may have been the outcome- but he had not. After a while, despite his having grown to admire her, Nevaeh's death had been something of a surprise to him.

‘You must think I was born yesterday,’ he said. Her lips drew back from her teeth.’ she had remained true enough to himself for art to imitate life however feebly- I did not think you even need to add about the girl Marcella at all, why not- the part of it now- to the very end of Nevaeh’s adventures she looks over this one that what I said, what’s wrong with that? Like she is me now- as here… (Nevaeh) She had died a most unexpected death. His cheerful capering had in no way changed the circumstance. ‘You fib,’

Steven whispered. ‘I thought you were good, but you are not noble.

You are just a lying old c*ck sucking bitch- that I use as a whore. he overturned the table by the bed. The one shallow drawer spilled out. I could kill you- now and not even think about it you’re not here- you’re not here… are you.’ I just played a part- so-o no… if you want to think that she said- lost in his crazies. ‘She fell away, that’s all. He was dulling all over her body- and run back and forth all around the creaky wood floor, from time to time that

materializes. It was like life when someone just… it works for him any longer without this fiction-sh girl.’

His wristwatch and he picked her up by her feet saying empty your pockets- for she would not he was fearing that she was hiding more- about her plans- to do whatever- hanged upside down now the pocket change spilled out- yet there was nothing found- only Anna knew where that was- and her angel- that she wrote about in the night and day and year after year.

I said- the writer is like God that we play to the people in a story - this just pissed him off more blasphemy he said- I like her and Marcel Ray Duriez made them up, just like God made us up and no one can change what they do there the gods for the story- no you why did you do it then if this is what you want? The gun was at my head for that one… for I can do it that is why- and driving me crazy! And then it is not as real to me… she is U- you! Not me- I just do not have that knack- He explained, all right, okay she said to put it down, there was far there-

as the gun when off yet it was empty… at her eardrum. He giggled saying I see you pissed your pants…

Part: 2

He stood there, and Anna lay in his bed, with ‘round marks in the pillow beside his ears and looked at her. He could hear the water which had been in the pitcher dripping on the floor, and it came to him that he could commit murder.

If she had not thrown the pitcher, he would have devastated it on

the floor himself, and tried to shove one of the broken pieces of glass into her throat while she stood there, as inert as a nightstand. She went blank then… to all this- She straightened up with her hands hanging limply by her sides, looking at the wall where an old photograph of his girl’s photos was hung- even the one he did in and eat out as he called it.

Explain about this god that you have become, all right, okay, she said- but as far as Nevaeh goes, I will tell you one thing to you I have the power to do

as I want with her, for the write said… you know him- you are the dirty basted here doing this to a story that quite frankly never used to do that with- him- Marcel Ray Duriez could sue you, we- I see his ass in court then will not I…I will tell you that God just happens to have a couple of broken legs and God just happens to be in My house eating My food and … and … that night- I got out of bed he was not noting that I was getting stronger I hobbled to the door and picked the lock, and in the kitten, there was a door at the far end, I went to it yet it was looked from the outside

and inside, two-way key- I get the big knife- as I hear his car make its way up the lane.

I did even have the door to my room shut he was in the home- looking in at me saying what have you be doing- and I just said MASTURBATING! Okay, he said- wow- do I stay or go? Did you want to finish?

She came back a little at a time, and the anger, at least, was gone. She looked down at him sadly. she looked down into the spill from the drawer, but there was only the change,

a pen, a comb, and her watch. More important, no knife was found as he turns down the bed.

Nothing unlike always he said to her… little did he know- that she was plain to kill him in his sleep if she could- just to get out- or not kill him at all if she could get out without him knowing about it. This was a question which had occurred to her from now and then was, strictly theoretical, of course like Academia, only now it was not, and he had the answer. ‘I better go now. I do not think I better be around

you for a while. I don’t think it’s ... clever.’ ‘It doesn’t matter. A place I know- is where I want to go, she was talking to her mind here like it would talk back to here.

If I stay here, I will do something unwise- and end this all. I need to think… yet my thinking is muddy- I know this… Goodbye- he will be saying to this girl here —> Anna.’ She strode across the room. ‘Will you be back to give me my medication? - she giggles insanely…’ she asked,

alarmed that she was talking to herself, and answering it too.

Ah- ahh-ha She grasped the doorknob and pulled the door shut without answering the obverse he was out there too. Yet she was going to make the run for it- naked as the day she was born into the riches of having a gold spoon up to her ass, and then now into this hell where she is getting f*cked with it, For the first time she made the key she made work it rattled some in the lock and she got away.

The hunt was on for the star- he loved- and hated all at the same time… he had to get her back… or she would squall this story. 190 days (about 6 months) of freedom… in the woods living off the land… she was found naked and week- he drugs her back to his house by her hear… she was half dead… she was too crazy at this point to get help… or get that she was not locked up. And when she was free- she was alone, she did not want to be after 6 years of that you would do the same? Just look at her slit wrists and you can see the story…

Thump- Thump- Thump-

tugging- in the brush- she heard her footsteps coming for her as she runs through the woods now- able to do so… yet in his hand he took the bass ball bat and mashed both of her small feet yet again- the bat facing downward both hands on the hand perpendicular to the ground Uh- Uh- screams in eked in the hells like haunting ghosts of the past. the motor sound began to go away. It dwindled to a snore and then to a drone and was finally gone. An engine cranked over and then started up.

The low, crunching squeal of tires turning on packed snow. Alone in Steven's house, locked in this room.

Locked in this bed. In the room- In the ROOM- In the f*cking Room!

Rocking- Rocking- sitting in the bed- nuts in my mouth and head.

Ha! She said- This is nice- no f*cking sh*t c*ck damn -it. She was screaming bad words- and not giving a sh*t! Anna had gone a little crazy- I hear the same steps now going off

down the hall; I sit their passive-staring now at the typewriter that is mocking with its F and U being said. she lay in bed looking at the ceiling, his throat dry and his heart beating fast. throat dry from all the come going down that he had headed back for the 190 days (about 6 months).

And all the drugs too. she grimaced as she cried out angrily-words he could not understand, and something else fell and shattered. A door slammed. Now after a while the

parlor clock chimed noon, and midnight and she was now in her 20s.

Year seven- she had dozed, but never really slept. The chiming of the clock woke him each time, the hour came around, and go and past fast and slow.

She knew just how long since of the last go about; he had been carrying in his love not being his love- at the time of the crash he was in love with the girl- yet not the real girl. He had not been able to reach down hand have her sign it yet- the book that is- he

has all his books with her name on it now- every time the clock- he sees looks at those books thinking how are these books that go me here?

She had spent much of the night alternately dozing and waking in a cold sweat, sure- she was dying. When she came back by noon of Twenty-Four- has passed, she realizes that as bad as the pain in his legs and pelvis was, something else was also making her hurt. It was also the finger f*cking- too. there were ten groups of five and one extra. The little groups,

neat at first, grew increasingly jagged as his hands began to tremble. He did not believe he had missed a single hour. It was the withdrawal of the toys in and out also that he shoved in her hard-core style.

She needed the pills in many ways. she thought of trying to get sit up in the bed, but the thought of the thump and the drop and the supplementary growth of pain continually deterred her. she could imagine all too well ‘So bright and there!’

After a while, he began to feel hunger and thirst even through the pain. How it would feel… stricken he made a mark on his arm- four perpendicular marks, and then an oblique slash to seal the quintet. It became something like a duel. I am a Pretty Thirstily… she said- oh just drink your piss… he said. Not happy with yet another long type up for a new chapter of the never-ending Nevaeh storyline.

I am becoming Marcel Ray Duriez- Anna said! I will soon have done as many words as possible and

tossed half! f*ck that in the ass with a 2 x 4! She said- I like it way to rewrite it- for I said so- he said. I SAY SO…! After a while, she began to hope She was dying.

Anything to be out of it.

Part: 3

This was not the first time this man- The offer of the town- Fudd- was on his ass he was the case from day one- (with his touchy feelie wife- trying to make him during work hours.) the stopped by the home- and drove by in

the night my hands waving out yet he never saw- he ran in on me- injecting me with sleep aids, and he put me in the addict nude- the places man was on one end of the wall with a doorway and I on the other ha-ha we giggle 4-times-side steeping in an out the door sing what we were going to do or go.

I am up here I called out fast- he was climbing the steps- I could see his face- and the rain after him- and hit him over the head with a Gibbons guitar carking his skill, sprinters spinners- the light bulb- over the head

crack in the swing- will he shoving the splinted nick down and through his nick as he runs freaking out.

I tried even to hop a haling ass train one night when I got out, yet my legs could not keep up… and Steven was coming at me with the snowplow- and he ran my legs over with the 1953 farm tuck.

Back up and going over yet again.

I saw Steven now chasing this man down as he was going to his car

Steven got on the farm tracker- and ran his head over with the spinning blade! With the evil glimmer in his eyes as he looked at me with my mouth hugging open looking out the addict window- as I was coming to it. His head spread like a watermelon that was Julie- in your mouth- it was that wet- and gushy.

Anna closed her eyes to all this think I am next, swaying unsteadily on his twisted, aching legs, waiting to see if he was going to get mad or cry. She was suddenly very scared… Steven's feet as she approached him. Thud-

slush, thud-slush, thud-slush. Her hair hung around her face. Her eyes were dull. ‘Here.’ She threw the pills at him. Her hands were also covered with mixed streaks of goo. Red stuff, brown stuff, sticky white stuff. Anna had no idea what it was. He was not sure he wanted to know. The pills hit his chest and bounced into his lap.

She turned to go.

Thud-slush, thud-slush, thud-slush. Hump and bump! ‘No, Anna. ‘She moved to the door and then turned, looking at him with that stony face.

Only her eyes, those tarnished dimes, were fully alive under the shelf of her brow.

I would like to leave you with. You may think you can fool me or trick me; I know I look slow and stupid. But I am not stupid, Anna, and I am not slow.' Anna thought the extremity of his terror might kill him. But she did not want the freedom any longer, she wanted him… or so that what she said for the next 10 years… (Anna placed a book on Marcella's grave. Saying you did it hum- you did it.)

New York- (20 years) her real story was pushed- she got away after Steven passed for a gun blast to his head and now that he was depriving me of his company- it was time to hobble out the door and start my life- I never acted again- I never had a family… yet- I had a story that you would not even believe if I wrote it down for you- yet here it is… she said to her agent. This was to make a few bucks sick- no?

It was the worst horror of my life! I still think about him- as more than someone evil. My life now well

never be normal- I do not sleep well- I do not trust- and I only famous for this story now. He took all that away from me- yet I am a better person now for it- said, Anna!

Maddie text pic from a room at the party, it is a video, and lots of photos uploaded online! Look Jenny is getting it! Funny Ray is with shy, Busted!!! You can tell its Ray his dickie hanging out that is uncut, and the look on Shy's face is priceless. Jenny is about to swallow a boy's stuff, hand gripping hard on him to squirting in her

mouth, and the other girl we know so-o well has her mouth open tongue out for him too in a teen party orgy, all sucking, all f*cking hard, then change partners, yet that the teen way!!! Now my sis is doing as they at those parts with him.

Now- Like you know after all that, and all the c*ming, and all the photos, showing it all, and the girls that are being sluts, and thing, I am still the girl that looks better, and would not go there, yet I can live with not being that popular.

Karly- Out!